

Harry

THE BALTIMORE UNDERGROUND JOURNAL

Vol. I No. I

25¢

INSIDE:

Dennis Hopper

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Spiro Agnew

Arlo Guthrie

ABBIE HOFFMAN



'Under no circumstances will I be affected whatever by it.' —PRESIDENT NIXON

HARRY BORN BY CAESAREAN SECTION

This first issue of HARRY is reaching your eager eyes, dear reader, about a week later than we had hoped it would because of a chicken and a bad egg.

On October 29, the day before the originally scheduled publication date, Tri-State Publishing Co., of Elkton, Md. reneged on its commitment to print HARRY.

The man at Tri-State said they were chickening out because they didn't believe in the peoples' politics and had decided it was better suppressed.

The bad egg showed up the next day, broke through the back door when nobody was around, and ripped off all the copy that had been ready to go to press.

Whoever it was, he was a hardboiled egg interested only in preventing your newspaper from reaching you: valuable equipment and personal possessions were left untouched.

As a preventive measure, we have wired all doors and windows with high voltage equipment guaranteed to cook chickens and eggs alike but which is automatically neutralized by the touch of a freak.

Safe now amid the clutter of our own hands and minds, we expect to get the second issue of HARRY to you on Thursday, November 13, and every second week thereafter.



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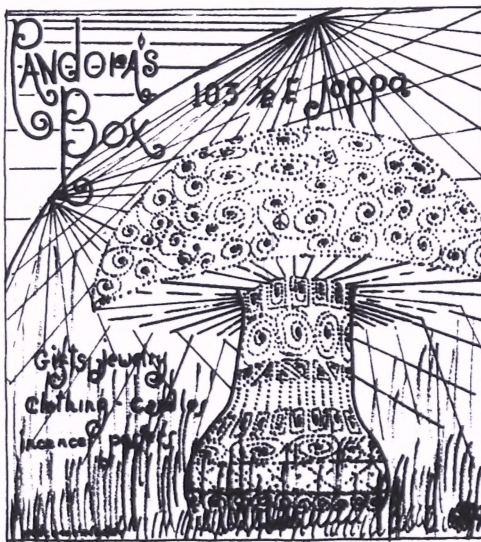
and all the very important
names I forgot because I
haven't slept for 3 days.

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Love,
HARRY

HALF—MILLION EXPECTED IN D.C. FOR NOV. 15 RALLY

(The author of the following article is Peace Education Secretary at the Middle Atlantic Regional Office of the American Friends Service Committee and Coordinator of the Baltimore Mobilization Coalition.)

by JACK PATTERSON

The March On Washington scheduled for November 13 to 15 promises to be one of the largest, most concentrated, anti-war efforts in American history. Divided into two parts, the March Against Death will begin November 13 at 6 p.m., lasting nearly 40 hours and culminating on November 15 with a Mass March and Rally in Washington and San Francisco. Estimates are that over one half million people will participate in the Washington action.

MARCH AGAINST DEATH

Starting the evening of November 13, and continuing through the morning of November 15, there will be a single file procession of about 43 thousand persons moving past the White House. Each marcher will carry the name of one American who was killed in Vietnam. That name will be called out by the marcher as he passes a certain point in front of the White House. In addition the names of Vietnamese towns which have been bulldozed, bombed, or burned out of existence by U.S. forces will be carried by the marchers.

The March Against Death will begin at Arlington National Cemetery, and will end at the Capitol, where the name placards will be placed in caskets and those caskets carried to the gate of the White House and left there. The marchers will be arriving at different times — the organizers are staggering the arrival times so that, while the line will be in continuous motion, any individual will be walking in it for only a few hours. The Maryland Delegation, representing 662 dead Marylanders, will march between midnight and 4 a.m. the morning of November 15.

MASS MARCH AND RALLY

The March Against Death is being organized largely by pacifist groups — War Resisters League, a Quaker Action Group, American Friends Service Committee, Fellowship of Reconciliation, etc. — but on November 15th, at 11 a.m., there will be a massive demonstration involving the whole range of the peace movement, moderate to radical. The Mass March will assemble on the mall area, west of 3rd Street. At 11 a.m. a large group of marchers from the March Against Death, including relatives of killed soldiers, members of congress, and clergymen will form the first contingent of the Mass March and move down Pennsylvania Ave. toward the White House, bearing the caskets and names. The Mass March will move past the White House and toward the rally area in the Ellipse, behind and south of the White House. Beginning at 2 p.m. the Rally and Folk-Rock concert will include speakers interspersed with music. Tentative plans include Cesar Chavez, Mrs. Martin Luther King, David Hawk of the Vietnam Moratorium Committee, Vietnam GI's, and, it is rumored, Bernadette Devlin, M.P., leader of the Northern Irish Freedom Movement.

BALTIMORE PARTICIPATION

A Baltimore Mobilization Coalition has been working for over a month for a maximum Maryland participation in the November action. They urge you to take



advantage of the special busses listed below to avoid Washington parking hassles and cost.

Bus tickets cost \$2.00, one way or round trip. They may be purchased by mail or in person, at any of the information centers listed below. Make checks or money orders payable to the Baltimore Mobilization Coalition, c/o Episcopal Peace Fellowship, 1407 Bolton Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21217.

Busses for the March Against Death will leave the Peace Action Center at 10 p.m. Friday, November 14, returning

November 15 at 6 p.m., after the Mass March and Rally. The Maryland delegation will be called to march some time between midnight and 4 a.m.

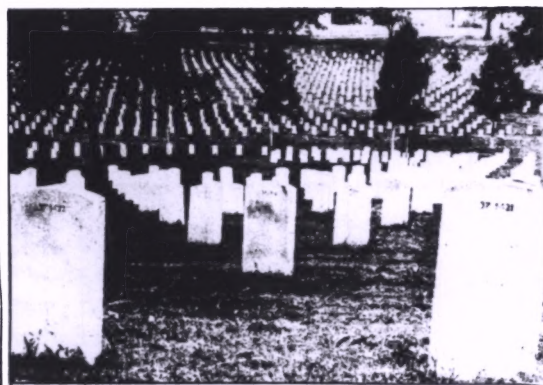
Additional busses will leave P.A.C. at 8 a.m. Saturday, November 15, for the Mass March and Rally. They will return to Baltimore at 6 p.m. that day. The Peace Action Center is located at 2525 Maryland Avenue, Baltimore.

For other information about the Mobilization, i.e., tickets, buttons and literature, contact one of the following centers:

Episcopal Peace Fellowship
1407 Bolton Street
Baltimore, Maryland 21217
669-7777

American Friends Service Com.
319 E. 25th Street
Baltimore, Maryland 21218
467-9100

Peace Action Center
2525 Maryland Avenue
Baltimore, Maryland 21218
889-0065



"Why, of course the people don't want war, but the people can always be brought to the bidding of the leaders. That is easy — all you have to do is tell them they are being attacked and denounce the pacifists for lack of patriotism and exposing the country to danger. It works the same in every country."

—Herman Goering

PINOSA ON THE DRAFT

(The following interview is with one of the great unsung heroes of the anti-war, anti-draft movement. It is reprinted from THE SPECTATOR, an underground paper in Bloomington, Ind.)

by DON WISMER

PINOSA: The six month delay at the state level was a fatal error on the part of the Selective Service. It gave me time to think. The system is set up so you never get any time to think about things—high school, college, summer jobs, no time. But after I sent in my CO claim, I had to wait. I took a part time job, and thought. And now I am a resister. I won't take anything but a 4-F or a 1-Y. I won't give my body to the system.

Q: That is not consistent. You will accept a certain status from SSS. You will thereby cooperate with them.

PINOSA: What you are saying is that I should send in my draft card, resign from selective service, go to jail, is that it? O.K. You miss the point of resistance entirely. We want to obstruct the Selective Service System, hinder it, make it unworkable. End it. Jail has lost all relevance for that. "Fill the Jails," said Gandhi, eh? But we've tried that. A lot of people are getting burned, going to jail, and what's happening? They are symbols, but to a select group, symbols, but only to a select group, nothing more. The system has adapted to them. Not enough room in our jails? More jails. And in the name of fighting the system, those resisters have allowed themselves to be completely engulfed by that same system, for a good long time, several years usually. Snatched right out of the movement. What better way of playing into the hands of our distinguished public leaders? No, it's far better to use the SSS against itself, twist it into a ball from its own machinations, make it so it does not work.

Q: How?

PINOSA: O.K., here's what I did. I don't recommend this for everyone, but it was the best way for me, you see. There are other plays too—obscene tattoos, fake neuroses, the works. None of that was mine. This was mine. When I finally got

a rejection from my state appeal board, I was already resistance oriented, you see. But I also realized that what I thought about the U.S. military system and foreign policy actually qualified me for a 1-Y or 4-F classification as a possible subversive. My only problem was to communicate that to the local board.

So I got the 1-A and was liable for immediate induction. But over a year had passed since my last physical, and they would have to give me another one, probably the same day as induction. I knew that because of red tape, SSS wouldn't get around to me for a month.

I immediately fired off letters to every single Communist shortwave station I'd ever listened to, explaining how enthralled I was by their broadcasts, and how I would love to receive all the literature they could send me. I gave my address as follows: Arturo S. Pinosa, c/o 100, PO Box 9867, Bombast, Indiana, which is of course, the address of my local board. Then I wrote the local board, telling them that they would shortly be receiving letters from friends abroad, and would they please include them in my file?

Let me tell you, once you get on those mailing lists, you almost never get off.

In the meantime, I had written for second subscriptions to THE MILITANT, LIBERATION, THE SPECTATOR, LEVIANATHAN, RAMPARTS, THE DAILY WORLD, and THE GUARDIAN, giving my address as you know what. Also, I carefully went through the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations and joined all those still in existence.

About that time I changed apartments so, law abiding citizen that I am, I sent them my change of address, carved on a concrete block. Now this added a whole new dimension to my case, moral unfit-ness as well as political. The beauty of it is that it's all true—from their point of view. And they have to keep everything that I send them.

The local board has to read (allegedly) your whole file before they classify you. So ever since my reclassification I had been working on a document explaining my moral and intellectual development—in full. Every day I sent in what I completed that day. It's already over a hundred single-spaced pages long, and I'm still working on it. I also sent them a copy of the Encyclopedia Britannica, explaining

that this document had played a vital role in my philosophical and moral development, and would they please include it in my file? Certified mail, return receipt requested, of course.

I visited my file at the local board. They had three cabinets filled with files—Aardvark to Pinhead, Pinosa, and Pinpan to Zylch. The local clerk wasn't too happy when she found out who I was, but she had to let me see my file. It's the law.

ruptions bug me! Two levels, political and moral, right? Then a third. I wrote to the Spanish Refugee Organization and adopted a refugee, \$36 a year. Then I wrote to the board and told them that if I were in the army or jail, I couldn't support my charge, and thus was qualified for a 3-A dependency deferment. In the meantime I changed my address again, so I sent them a dead fish, with my address written on its belly.



The visit distressed me. If all they had to do was buy extra file cabinets, what was the point? So I sent them an 8' X 10' plywood board with a long letter written on it with a drymarker. I don't know what they did with the damn thing, but I can feature it hanging on their wall like a mural—except that I used some mighty colorful language, on both sides. I also sent letters to various people listed in the back of SCREW magazine, giving only my board address, explaining that I was interested in the photos they advertised, and would they please send me samples? I am now on the mailing list of every smut peddler in the country, but it all goes straight to my local board, to be inspected and filed by the clerk. Can't you see that lady's face?

Q: What interests me....

PINOSA: Gad, but your constant inter-

Q: But what interests me is why they didn't call you for a physical and induction by that time.

PINOSA: Oh, but they did, and let me expound upon what happened at that induction physical.

I could have pulled the old obscene tattoo routine, but I decided on another tactic. I checked on one of the questionnaires that I was subject to frequent and

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severe depression, hoping to see the shrink, but one of the clods there looked at my form and said, "aha, mild depression, hmmm? Not enough grounds for seeing the shrink. Pass." But he did not reckon with the subversion list. Since I am, in point of fact, not of "complete and unswerving loyalty" to the government of the United States, I decided to make that quite plain. I refused to answer any questions, and wrote the following at the bottom of the page: "My relationship with the Communist Party, Socialist Workers, SDS, and THE SPECTATOR is none of your business. I therefore invoke my fifth amendment right to remain silent." So after I went through the line, they sent me to see the Colonel, who lamented about what trouble I was causing and how I would have to stay an extra day to talk to the FBI agent. I asked him if he was going to illegally detain me, since I would refuse to give anything but my name and social security number to the FBI, and since I well knew that there is no legal way that they can hold me over for that purpose. The man was stumbling over an answer to that when his eyes lit upon my answer to the question about depression. A broad smile lit his face as he said, "Well, you should see the psychiatrist first." So I went down to see the shrink.

SHRINK: So you're subject to depression, are you?

ME: Yes, and I think I'm schizoid, too

SHRINK: Schizoid, eh?

ME: Yes, that's right.

ME: No it's not.

ME: Yes I am.

ME: No you're not.

ME: I am so!

ME: Oh yeah, take that!!

Whereupon I commenced slapping my face and kicking myself, all the while screaming "I am not," "I am so," at the

try. I played ROTC in the Weehawken POST; I slandered General Hershey in the Oshkosh GAZETTE; I spat upon Dow Chemical in the Greenbean WORLD-EXAMINER. I even hit some major papers like the SPECTATOR. Listen here, I'm so familiar to the newspaper editors that they call me by my first name, I make Gus Hall look like J. Edgar Hoover. And it's all true, you see. It's simply in the way I phrase things.

Q: And the board gets copies of your letters?

PINOSA: Not copies, sweetie, but the whole newspaper. By the way, my file also subscribes to the New York Times. It has played an important part in my personal development, you see. Especially the Sunday TIMES.

Q: I suppose you harass the board members and their families too.

PINOSA: By no means. I don't believe in hitting the innocent ones at home, though I might consider some sort of harassment of the board members themselves, away from home. No, I get enough done by working on the board. A month ago I got my sisters and all their friends, and all the girls I know, to send letters to the local board that go something like:

Dear Sir:

I have just turned 18. I will not at this time register for the draft. Nor will I ever.

Kindest regards,

P. Pinosa

Of course, the board didn't know that P stood for Penelope. So wham, a full scale investigation, FBI agents, talk of mass insurrections, mutiny, violence. And do you know what they did when they found out the truth? Nothing. They couldn't do a thing. The letters, you see, were quite true.

Q: So what's happened with your case?

PINOSA: The four months are up, and they've called me for another physical.



top of my lungs. So the shrink gave me a 4-month 1-Y to think things over.

Q: People who pull that sort of thing don't usually make it, do they?

PINOSA: No, they don't, but in my case they were so anxious to avoid a hassle with the FBI that they used the quickest excuse they could come up with, and four months is a long time.

Q: Harassment is fine, but don't you have to give some public evidence of your subversive tendencies.

PINOSA: Oh, but I have. And how! My latest treatise was printed in OB-FUSCATION, in which I pointed out the fact that the army drafts males and only males, then has them killed off, and heaps their dead bodies with glory and honor. I entitled it, "Why the Military is Nothing but a Bunch of Homosexual Necrophiles." Before that was a short bit in CATALEPTIC QUARTERLY called "The Boys in Vietnam, Why Don't They Call Them Men?" and almost any day you can read my letters on the editorial page of some random newspaper in the coun-

try. But the minute the new 1-A cancelled the 1-Y, I asked for a personal appearance, and will appeal if that fails. But I won't get past the physical again. This time I think I'll try the old paranoid routine — huddle in a corner, eyes wild, "Help, Help, the paranoids are all around, and they're after me!" But it'll be the subversive list that'll do it, cause the confounded thing expires every 120 days. They'll think I'm Mao Tse-Tung when I get through. Listen here, when I show up with red hammer and sickle panties they'll do handstands on the ceiling.

Q: Well, Mr. Pinosa, sounds like you've been rather busy.

PINOSA: Senior to you. Yesterday, I sent the board a little package with some empty red tubes, wire coming out of them, a ticking clock, and a note on the bottom. The note said, "If I were a violent man, this dynamite would be real. But I'm not, so where's my CO? Today I sent the board a little package tied with string. When they open it, THWOOOOP!! Out comes a 12 foot rubber raft. I hope it knocks out a window.

PEOPLE'S PARK REVISITED

by ANDY TRUSKIER

BERKELEY[LNS]— The University of California appears to have a white elephant on its hands in the form of the People's Park at Berkeley. After the bloody confrontation last May in which James Rector was killed, the Regents instructed the university to build a soccer field and parking lot and to begin long range plans for building dorms for married students on the land.

To date, the university has been unable to find anyone to cooperate with them in their scheme. First, the architects hired to design the dorms refused to do so, then the fraternities refused to play football on the field, and now an Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO) group has turned down an offer to run the parking lot as a concession.

In mid-July, the architectural firm of McKue, Boone & Tomsic told the university that they felt unable to work on any plans for the People's Park site which "did not incorporate a user developed park." Subsequently, the university dropped the firm, but apparently has been unable to find another. As an administrator said, "none of them will touch it."

In early October, in an incredibly manipulative move, the university offered the concession for a parking lot on the site to a black community based group called NOW (New Opportunities for Workers) which is part of the Berkeley OEO program. To sweeten the bait, they offered to pay a part of the operating expenses, insuring \$80,000 annual wages for black workers.

The plan, which evidently sought to take advantage of the tensions that were built up last summer between the black community and the street community over the People's Pad controversy, completely backfired on the university. Instead of accepting the plan, NOW held a press conference denouncing the plan as "a devious tactic which could precipitate a confrontation that could end in the slaughter of many blacks and street people, by each other or ultimately by the police and national guard." While the group is attempting to create jobs for black people, its director, Joseph Brooks, stated, "we wouldn't take their offer if it were a million dollars, because

they turned their backs on the people's creation a few months ago." NOW is supported in their action by the Berkeley OEO and by black city councilman Ron Dellums.

But the most explosive issue may be the planned use of the park as an inter-mural athletic field. The Interfraternity Council, considered to be one of the more conservative student organizations, passed a resolution urging all fraternities and other teams to boycott the field for intramural games. Representatives from 30 fraternities voted for the resolution, with only one dissenting vote. The next day the UC student government passed a unanimous resolution asking people to refrain from using the land as a playing field or parking lot, and calling on the university to return the land to the people. The student newspaper ran an editorial which also urged students not to play there.

These actions indicate the tremendous community support generated by the People's Park struggle. As People's Park activist Frank Bardacke points out, "At this point, if the Regents want to use People's Park land, they will have to park their own cars there and play football there themselves."

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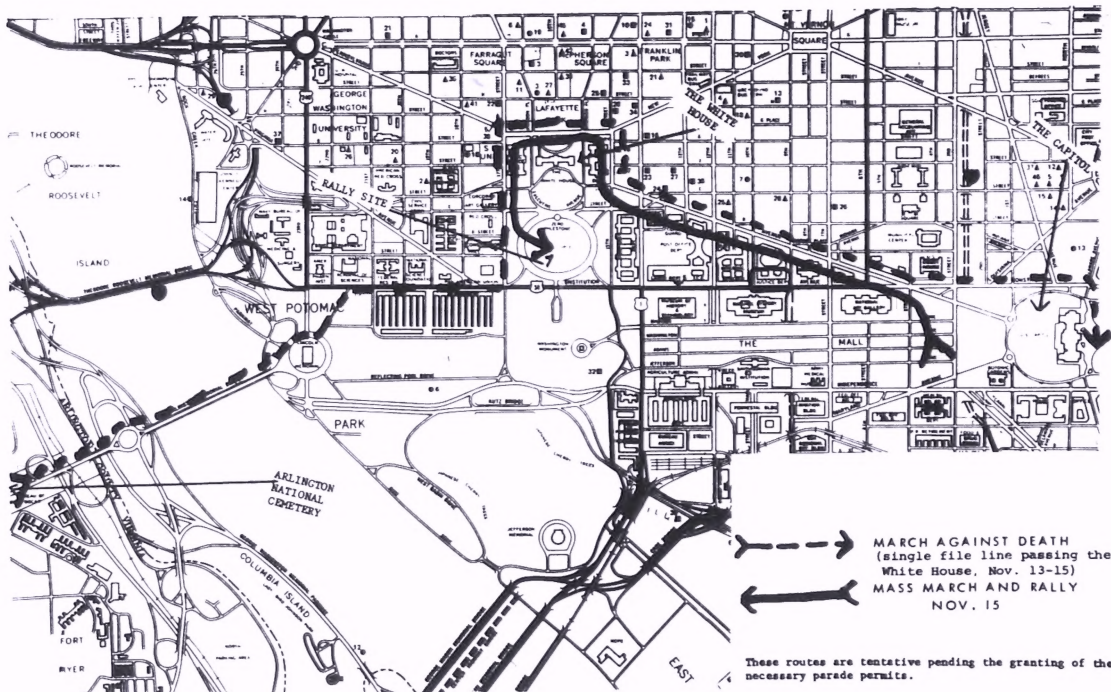
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Progress Is Our Most Important Product

by MICHAEL WEISS

The thing about good old Uncle Sam is that he never runs out of ideas for spending our money to kill people. He thinks big — Vietnam, ABM. And now it turns out he thinks small, too: he's manufacturing and stocking poison bullets.

The bullets, about 20,000 of them, are being made and stored at a super secret arsenal in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, near where Orville Faubus first made a name for himself.

The tiny zappers, which may or may not have been used, contain Betulinum, a toxic substance that produces an acute, highly fatal disease of the nervous system that will usually cause death within 12 to 72 hours if you happen to be nicked — not even really plugged — by one.

As usual, the best place to learn all you need to know about a killing device is from the Army, which is the outfit making these nifty little weapons.

According to Army technical manual 3-216, "Military Biology and Biological Agents," the mortality rate for those afflicted by betulism is 65 per cent, but it should be understood that a concentrated dosage entering the system through a bullet would kill more efficiently.

The Army manual says that "antitoxin therapy is of doubtful value, particularly when large doses have been consumed." Luckily, we can all be pretty sure the Army won't be shooting at you

unless it intends to kill you anyway, so we needn't worry about mistakes and like that.

"Betulism is an acute, highly fatal disease," the manual tells us. "It is characterized by vomiting, constipation, thirst, general weakness, headache, fever, dizziness, double vision, and dilation of the pupils. Paralysis is the usual cause of death."

But there's really no reason to be alarmed because Uncle Sam says that dope will do all the same things to you, and lead to mainlining, too.

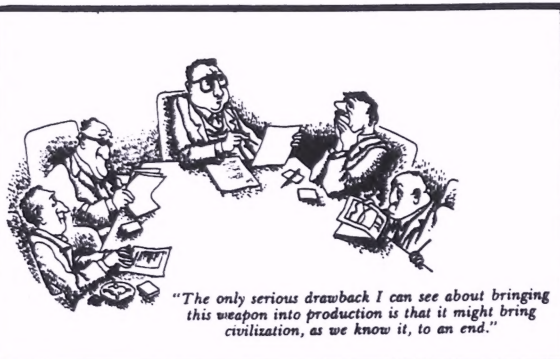
Information about these jim dandy devices, by the way, is readily available in a secret memorandum prepared in 1966 by the chemical corps for the Secretary of the Army.

When you're in Washington November 15, you might stop by the Pentagon and ask to read it.

Defense officials have been reluctant to answer questions about their little toys, but other people who know about these things say that the poison bullets could logically serve only one purpose: assassination.

The bullets were first mentioned in army documents in 1965, the same year that Uncle Sam began to send his boys to Vietnam in large numbers. A coincidence, no doubt.

In case anyone pays attention to treaties nowadays — Uncle Sam doesn't,



but that doesn't mean we can't — the Hague Convention of 1907, which Uncle Sam signed, prohibits the use, but not the manufacture, of poison weapons.

Even the Army knows that. It even has said it in another of its information-packed manuals, this one affectionately dubbed 27-10:

"It is especially forbidden to employ poison or poison weapons," says this manual, which also admonishes that it is "forbidden to employ arms, projectiles, or material calculated to cause unnecessary suffering."

If that admonition does not include bombs, napalm, or poison bullets, what does it cover?

The Pine Bluff Arsenal, where this shit is being made, is a \$7 million-a-year operation. It produces any number of biological and chemical agents and the hardware necessary to mass produce the germs.

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THE CONSPIRACY: All of the conspirators except for Bobby Seale stand outside the Federal Building in Chicago with two of their attorneys. From left to right are attorney Leonard Weinglass, defendants Rennie Davis, Abbie Hoffman, Lee Weiner, Dave Dellinger, John Froines, Jerry Rubin, Tom Hayden, and attorney William Kunstler. Bobby Seale was in jail at the time of the photo. (David Fenton/ LNS photo)

HALLOWEEN IN CHICAGO

CHICAGO[LNS]—Lunchtime at the Federal building, October 29. Captain Howard Levy, the medical officer court-martialed for refusing to train Green Berets for duty in Vietnam, describes how each of the Conspiracy 8 represents a part of the struggle against the American nightmare. He says that the indictment of Bobby Seale is another way of saying, "Niggers, stay in your place."

Three o'clock, October 29. Bobby Seale is chained to a metal chair, his mouth covered with a mask. He is being denied his right to defend himself, he is being denied the right to stand in for his lawyer, Charles Garry, who slowly recovers from surgery in California.

Three thirty, Oct. 29. Bobby Seale now has both tape and a mask over his mouth, tribute to his angry attempts to defend himself.

Four o'clock, Oct. 29. Judge Julius

Hoffman explains Seale's appearance to the jury. He says, "The steps taken here are to insure a fair trial." At least one juror is seen to cry.

4:20 Oct. 29. The day's atrocity is over. As the spectators leave and the press clusters around Bobby Seale, Tom Hayden: "This is not order, this is torture."

Nothing has changed. The gag is now visible, but it has been around Bobby Seale's mouth since the first day of the trial, when Judge Hoffman refused to allow a delay to insure adequate representation by his counsel of choice. The chains are now obvious, but they are the same chains known to black people for 300 years, the same chains that the Black Panther Party was formed to cut.

Halloween is almost here. A tyrant dresses like a judge, a man is made to look like a slave.

Hoffman ordered all blacks and some members of the underground press removed from the courtroom before he had Seale restrained. Hoffman seemed well pleased after armed guards escorted them out — all the uppity niggers were gone or gagged and he could now dispense "justice" in peace.

Wednesday afternoon in San Francisco Seale's convalescing lawyer, Charles Garry, reacted to Hoffman's strong-arm tactics: "I have never heard in my entire legal career of such an outrageous treatment of a defendant in any U.S. court."

Garry also said that Seale is not being allowed to defend himself because Judge Hoffman is so racist in his beliefs that he cannot accept the fact that a black man might capably defend himself in court. "Even in Nazi Germany," Garry said, "the police state never reached

the proportions where the state was afraid to have a defendant open his mouth in court. This shows that the police state is here, and due process and all constitutional guarantees are a mockery."

Garry intends to meet in San Francisco Nov. 1 and 2 with attorneys Kunstler and Weinglass and one of the eight (if they are not all in jail by then). The meeting will deal with legal strategy, but Garry says that under no circumstances will he appear in Judge Hoffman's court "and give a semblance of representation to my client who has been denied his

right to counsel throughout this trial."

Black Panther Party Chief of Staff David Hilliard told the press in San Francisco that Seale was forced to speak in court because he had exhausted all attempts to get Judge Hoffman to let him defend himself. "Fuck that judge, Fuck America and its so-called constitution. Bobby Seale is doing all he can to save himself from being lynched. If blood has to be shed to defend him we are more prepared than ever to do that."

'GOSH DARN'

Said The Policeman

Chicago [LNS] — Dirty words have become a major issue in the trial of the Conspiracy 8. The defendants supposedly upset Chicago's cops, known for their prissy vocabulary, by shouting obscenities at them during the August 1968 Convention. At the trial, a red squad cop named Rodriguez was on the stand.

"Did you ever hear a policeman curse?" asked defense attorney William Kunstler.

"Well," said Rodriguez, "they may have muttered things, but they didn't shout."

"What did they mutter?"

"Son of a gun."

"Nothing worse?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear a police officer say, 'Get those fuckers!'...?"

"Would you repeat that, sir?"

"Did you ever hear a police officer say, 'Get those fuckers!'...?"

"No, but they did say, 'Those son of a guns are tough.'"



Bobby Seale

"TO GO TOGETHER IS ECSTATIC, TO COME TOGETHER IS DIVINE!" reads the button on the pretty nymph's lapel as she wanders through a cloudy Saturday afternoon on Read St. The occasion was a benefit for the Heart Fund sponsored by the Read Street merchants and organized by Lance Cooper of the Bum Steer and Mike Bauer of Que Pasa. It was attended by more than a thousand beautiful, bearded, braided, bearded, costumed, stoned, happy Aquarian children playing in the street. The City Fathers (or Mothers, as some prefer to relate to them) even helped by closing the street to vehicle traffic, providing a free stage, and collecting the trash when the festival was over and by not hassling anyone! Thanks Pop (or Mom)!!!

Rock groups and folksingers, namely Blackfoot Smoke, Greg Kihn, Circus Light, Michael Hunt, and Dave Taylor & The Jewish Twoish, provided music. Food was provided by American Plastics and Preservatives: Hot Dogs, Pizza, Coke, and Beer. When are we going to have pure food at these festivals? Well, there was corn on the cob—that's a step in the right direction.

Anyway, many good people provided a lot of good vibes and kept the rain away from the miniature, mudless Woodstock that netted an estimated \$500 to \$1000 for the Heart Fund.

"Maybe we'll have another gathering in the Spring," says Lance.

"Maybe Baltimore is coming together," says I.

"Well, at least it's breathing hard," says the little girl.



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THE READ STREET MERCHANTS

TRIPPING DOWN ABBIE ROAD

by MICHAEL WEISS

Pity the media professional confronted with the media freak.

It is a Friday afternoon, and the television has been waiting for a half hour now. His legs are crossed at sharp angles, his profile is intact. In struts Abbie Hoffman, "a dumb chromosome-damaged hippie," spouting obscenities, moving, rolling, bobbing and weaving, a herky jerky revolutionary, high on his own stage presence. Confrontation. The cameras roll. The tv star keeps his cool through Abbie's opening monologue.

"August 17th, 1968," Abbie says, his voice wandering from bass to falsetto. "Me and Jerry Rubin and a couple of other Yippies met on Avenue A and Seventh Street on the Lower East Side at 4 a.m. with a man who identified himself as Spiro Agnew and said he represented the Republican party. He gave us a small, brown paper bag with \$10,000 in small bills and we flew to Chicago the next day and that was the start of the first conspiracy."

Abbie rambles on like that for awhile, but deadline for bringing home the film in time for the 7 o'clock news (air time gets a tv star more money) is creeping nearer, and tv waits for no freak.

"What are you here for?" tv asks, finding his voice on the second syllable. It gurgles deep in the throat, but peaks out smooth, like gargling under a mouthful of Southern Comfort.

"To burn the school down," Abbie says. He is on the campus of the Catonsville branch of the University of Maryland.

"Besides that," tv asks. Humor the kid, his face adds.

"To get laid," Abbie says. ("I talk dis way cause I spend alotta time in da back a puhleez stations and I wanna be understood.")

So tv switches tactics, and the new rap is that you and me, Abbie, we understand this thing, kid. You and me Abbie, brothers under the herringbone.

"Give us something we can put on the air," tv says. "FCC, you know."

"Oh, I forgot," Abbie says. "In our nation, unlike a pig nation, we ain't got no FCC." Then he zips away, the mobile mouth working under the Semitic nose, warbling along.

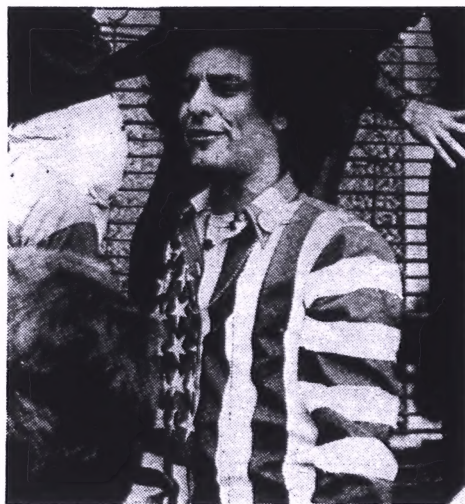
"Well," he says. "We got this judge, Julius Hoffman. A 74-year old bald headed midget who's a Geritol freak and suffers from tired blood. I don't think he's shooting up the same stuff we are. He's running around Chicago claiming I'm his illegitimate son and other crap stories like that."

The trial has begun in Chicago. Abbie and seven others are accused of conspiracy, the charge arising from the convention in the streets last August. Judge Hoffman is presiding.

"We're gonna conduct that trial," Abbie says. "You're 74 years old, we're gonna tell him. You don't dig Jimi Hendrix. You don't smoke dope. You're a Geritol freak. How can you try me."

Tv retreats to familiar ground: "President Nixon today cancelled the draft for November and December and announced troop withdrawals. Do you see any sign that..."

"Yeah," Abbie interrupts, "The US is withdrawing. They didn't even come and they're already pulling out."



Abbie Hoffman

Now tv knows that this is not Marvin Mandel in grungy yippie clothing. Tv is exasperated. That extra air time money is two birds in the bush with this madman who says "dese" for "these" and scorns the rolling camera.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, Abbie recognizes the presence of tv, who is smiling around lips so tight you would think he is doing mouth-widening exercises.

"Why do you cut your hair that way? It looks like a porcupine," Abbie says, stepping out from behind the lectern. "You take a bath? You wear those funny clothes, those straight shoes. Why you put a crease in your pants like that?"

"I got three children to support," tv says. "I got to make money." Watch it tv, you're getting involved.

"Well I got 700," Abbie says. "That's right, fertility's on our side."

"Why don't you say something clean so we can put you on in living color?" tv asks.

"I'm already living color." End of press conference.

Later that evening, tv is able to squeeze a single line out of Abbie's monologue and a few seconds of footage out of the press conference.

About that time, Abbie is bouncing around the livingroom of a commune in the northern part of the city. He is talking ("Abbie joined the revolution to get over his shyness," says his friend Paul Krassner) about media:

"Like when I wore that flag shirt to HUAC, that's freedom of speech. Because I'm not interested in what people write, I'm only interested in television. I know somebody sees a long haired freak waving an American flag shirt, it says more than a bunch of words. That's my freedom of speech man. That's the way I talk."

Abbie Hoffman seems to have located the place in America where it hurts most when you grab. He is, he says, "a revolutionary artist, not a politician." A child of the age of television, his medium is the message.

"You learn about words," he says, "Words are a load of shit. You remember LBJ: 'In mehmorree of doctuh King, we

should be nunviahent.' Non-violent. What does he mean, sit-ins in the Mekong Delta? No. He means the niggers should get off the streets. Liberals are on the same trip. New politics smells a lot like old politics."

"Mao. He's a rock group from the East. I like him," Abbie spins around and shoots a rubber band at the ceiling. "He says, 'sharpen distinctions.'"

"We're at war with the New York Times, not the Daily News. The News, that's a tv set. The New York Times got an ad that comes on tv in New York, all words, no pictures. It says, 'even though you don't read it all, it's nice to know it's there.' What do they mean by that? You want to know about power in America, figure out who's glad it's there. There were no newspapers in Woodstock. We were into survival. That's the new nation."

Abbie lives comedy the way Shakespeare wrote it. It is bawdy, fantastic, real. It can turn the trick of forcing its audience into self recognition. Humor is anticipation. With Abbie, when you wait for the punch line you don't know if it will hurt or not. When it doesn't the laughter is heartfelt. It is the laughter released from the tension of anticipation.

"The best way to end the generation gap," he spits at a college audience, "is to kill your fucking parents." Generation gap is a funny thing. We are conditioned to its potential for humor. Bob Hope makes you laugh about it, so do the Smothers Brothers. Abbie makes you wince. Sharpen distinctions.

But it gets heavy too. Because when this trial is over in Chicago, Abbie may go to jail for ten years. That is how America reacts to mockery.

"Love," Abbie was saying to David Peel, another long haired minstrel from New York, the leader of a band called the Lower East Side. "Love, that's the liberals whole trip. Let's be nice, you know. Let's get them to respect our way of life. Well, we might as well cut our hair."

Peel keeps eating turkey and mashed potatoes. "If you make them hostile, you can't use them man," he says be-

tween mouthfuls.

"Whaddaya mean, make them hostile," Abbie says. "They are hostile. Their old ladies and old men made them hostile. We didn't make them anything. Capitalism made them hostile. Either we're into the revolution to destroy the people in power, or we're into something else."

"What good are you if you're dead," Peel responds. "We've got to be alive to do what we want to do."

"Yeah, but that attitude leads you into the compromise thing," Abbie says.

"You don't have to be completely direct in every single thing," says Peel. "You don't have to talk about it. Do it. Why talk about it at all? Why can't you just do it?"

"You get some people in a crowded theater," Abbie says. "You yell fire, same thing as having a fire. Everybody's running around. What are we going to do, what are we going to do? Speech becomes action."

Peel and the Lower East Side are on stage now. They sing the rhetoric of revolution to a rock beat. "Legalize Marijuana," they sing, seven big beats to a line: "Le-ga-lize Mari-jua-na." There are 1,500 hairies and a dozen cops in the audience. Peel winds up the set with "Up Against the Wall, Motherfucker." It breaks up with the wailing of police whistles, smoke bombs, firecrackers, two members of the band mauling a third, mock fighting among the audience.

Saturday morning. Peel is in the living room of the commune. "Did you ever have a riot, did anybody ever turn against the cops at one of your concerts?" somebody asks.

"Nah," he says. "They don't arrest bands. We get the music going, we say anything we want. We play in the park, the cops stand around and nod. One cop, he comes up to me, he says, 'Play some music, we don't want a riot.' But the kids in the audience, they listen to the words. You think you can get 500,000 people to Woodstock to hear Abbie talk? Music. Abbie gets on stage, says the same thing we sing, they throw him in jail. Inciting to riot."

Abbie's been Arrested he's on trial in Chicago. The theater is dead in America, and they won't let tv cameras within 200 yards of the federal court building. Chrissake, won't somebody throw Abbie a tambourine.

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ANYTHING YOU WANT EVEN ALICE

"The Alice's Restaurant Massacre"

would work on film no matter what, just so long as a fraction of that song's genius were kept alive in the transition. And the random chunks of Arthur Penn's *Alice's Restaurant* that refer back to Arlo Guthrie's scrappy, interminable talking blues ballad do manage that much. They're handled in a bumbling, self-conscious way, but they preserve something of the tone of the original. In a few bits of the scenes in jail, for instance, and in parts of the induction physical, too, there's at least some sense of what the song's about. Maybe because nothing could kill the innate horror of seeing two good-natured freaks locked up for littering and deprived of toilet paper—or destroy the cool irony of watching a big-time folk-singer, in dingy jockey shorts and a slouchy hat, trying to scrape up the required urine for an army check-up. At any rate, there's enough to keep things going, and the material seems to be getting adequate, if feeble, treatment.

But to set in motion the better part of the movie, the section created independently from Guthrie's pawky blast at idiot bureaucracies, a vaguely appropriate approach isn't enough. Mostly, the movie wants to get at certain things about Arlo the boy-man, and about the whole mass of people who are as much cut off from themselves as they are from the rest of the world. It aims at uncovering the main-spring of their pain and their determination, at finding out what's paralyzing them. But it wants to point its findings up tactfully, almost indirectly, without editorializing or laboring over every "big" moment or drawing circles around key speeches. So the screenplay, co-written by Penn and occasional playwright Vernable Herndon, is put together in a frail, casual, almost doggedly sophisticated way, with the meanings of the scenes barely obvious. And overlooking the promiscuous use of music (one sequence has an orange-nosed Joni Mitchell shrilling out one of her goo-drenched madrigals—during a funeral) and the too-frequent low points in the dialogue (samples: "It's weird, but all the good things in my life seem to come out of not doing what I don't want to do." "Just look at those flames: Dark . . . colors."), it's not a bad attempt. Only it's the sort of scenario that's exclusively suited to a sharply individual breed of film-maker; it needs the sort of director whose principal point-making weapons are gentleness and insinuation.

Gentleness and insinuation are pretty much alien to Arthur Penn, a director

whose real talent is for violence and for virile action. In the past, when his movies have called for softness or for a free, drifting touch, they've just seemed to double over. The picnic idyll in *Bonnie and Clyde* and the last few minutes of *The Miracle Worker* and the scenes between Marlon Brando and Janice Rule in *The Chase* all fell apart, pulverized by clumsiness and incongruity. Penn has never been very delicate-minded, but now, on *Alice's Restaurant*, the agonizing insensitivity of his "sensitive" style isn't restricted to jolting just a few scenes in the wrong direction, and it's more than a passing nuisance. It disrupts the whole way the movie is trying to operate, throwing whole sequences badly off kilter, destroying the subtle, carefully-wrought meanings. Too many pivotal scenes, like the hero's attendance at the tired hippy wedding that climaxes the movie, like his stumbling upon a pathetic fundamentalist gathering after he's been thrown out of school, are made to look superfluous. And others, especially the ones that inspect his outre sex life, don't have anywhere near the impact they could. But even when the significance of a sequence does somehow come off—as it does in the long, disembodied conversation that interrupts the credits, in the desperate joking of men about to be drafted is intelligently captured, as it almost does in a scene with Pete Seeger, where he's used partially as an emblem of the joy and self-pride that the other characters want and can't reach—it seems like some sort of mistake. So the movie's sense of what's bothering Guthrie and of what he's really about winds up no less stymied and myopic than an interview in *Eye Magazine* would be or a disc-jockey's tribute.

What's more, most of the actors are beginners or non-professionals, and they're not very adept at adjusting to the movie's dimensions. The people in the supporting roles—the commune gang, the creased-faced noncoms, the townies, the cops—schematize their parts so patently, they don't even succeed as parodies of what they're playing, let alone as the miniature slabs of Americana that they're intended to be. (That goes double for Margaret Hall as a fat, menopausal grottkeeper and for Kathleen Dabney as a dumb, scrawny, little twerp.) Most of the principals (two of whom are given the roughest acting job there is: self-impersonation) are so aggressively "winning" that they become unbearable; Guthrie included, although he's not half as hard to take as cuddly-repulsive Geoff Outlaw. The rest, meaning James Broderick as Ray Brock and Michael MacLanathan as a semi-reconstructed scag-head, act with some integrity, but they're too busy



... and he started jumping up and down with me, yelling, "KILL, KILL!!!"

twitching and screaming and never finishing a sentence to get much across. Only Pat Quinn, stuck with the unrealized role of Alice, ever seems able to touch on a viable performance, and her work is far from perfect. She tends to bellow, she uses her hoarse, "female" giggle way too

indiscriminately, she can't sustain an entire scene. Still, she seems reflective and spontaneous and all the other things that Katharine Ross is supposed to be and isn't. And when she's in trouble, she makes good use of her roughshod beauty. She deserves better, but she doesn't get it.

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DENNIS HOPPER TALKS ABOUT EASY RIDER

(The following interview was conducted by the staff of The Great Speckled Bird, a newspaper in Atlanta, Ga.)

BIRD: Having all the responsibilities as the director of *EASY RIDER*, did you have to suppress your own role?

HOPPER: Yeah, I did. I thought that I had a responsibility to Peter. I wanted to make sure that Peter came off the star of this movie, because he was a much bigger name than I was: he was the producer; he was responsible for getting this package together. He was a known quantity, and I was sort of in the background playing minor role-type things. Like Peter Fonda HAS it, already has a quality so that people want to meet him, want to touch him, get a lock of his hair, get a little fuzz out of his belly button, you know...

BIRD: Most films where the director is also an actor in the film he just can't keep either of them together.

HOPPER: I took upon myself all the schlock things! Like, for instance, I was the aggressive guy, because if we had both gone through the thing of being the aesthetic, introspective guy, it would have been dull as dishwater. So I kept it moving, I took upon myself the Gabby Hayes part! Ward Bond to John Wayne. Comic relief at times, but the guy who kept it going. The guy who said all the "explanation" things. These are bad for actors to have to do. Even though they're very limited in *EASY RIDER* and always designed to be as inobtrusive as possible. Like when I sing, "I'm going down to Mardi Gras, to Mardi Gras," and the audience knows we're going to Mardi Gras. So if anyone was really getting bored, they could say, "Well, they're going to Mardi Gras, maybe when they get there, you know, things will pick up!" I took upon myself all the explanation type of things, and hopefully tried to make them humorous, to disguise them so that they didn't always come off as what they were. In an awful lot of the scenes, I don't even cover myself in a close-up. People said, "Why aren't you putting yourself in a close-up?" and I would say, "No, man," like I have never seen a movie including Welles or Brando or anybody else, that a guy who directed it didn't come off the star. And I thought, I have an ego, but man it's a weird ego - superego, I think - but I really wanted to see if I couldn't direct a movie and keep in the background, and keep it together that way. My NEXT picture, though...

BIRD: Peter Fonda has been quoted as saying, "We don't give out any information through dialogue." But at times it seems as if *EASY RIDER* does rely too heavily on the spoken word. For instance, the lawyer's speech on freedom - a hell of a lot that you're trying to get across came in that speech. You kind of react against its being in the form of dialogue.

HOPPER: The most important sequence to me in the film as far as ideology is concerned is the cane scene when they talk about beings from other planets. I have this feeling, I have a theory - it goes back to the minstrel singers in England and the Mother Goose rhymes. We all know that those were politically oriented things. They were told to the children, etc., etc., but the parents were getting information, you know. For example, "How Do You Wear Your Hair?" which we sing in the film:

How do you wear your hair
Does your hair hang low
Do you tie it in a ribbon
Do you tie it in a bow?

Or, "Do you throw it over your shoulder like a continental soldier?" Well, this was a song of the American Revolution, and they would go around singing it, and the English would laugh and "Hah, hah, hah!" and so on, but the song gave information to the revolutionaries: If you wore your hair in a bow, you were an Englishman. If you wore it loose, you identified as a continental soldier. This is all background for the thing we do when we turn on Jack Nicholson for the first time - a funny scene - a very humorous thing, when we talk about the UFOs and so on. We say things like, "They have no leaders. The people from another planet, the

Venutians have no leaders. They have advanced technology so that they are able to feed, clothe, house, and transport each other equally and with no effort." That's the dialogue that everybody laughs at and doesn't take seriously, but that is the ideology of the film. You know, we have the technology, and we know that by the year 2000, and hopefully before that, we should be able to feed, clothe, house, and transport each other equally and with no effort. Because that's basically all people need. Hopefully, he says, then we can get on to something else. We can really start finding out about ourselves after all these things are out of the way.

As far as individual freedom is concerned, you know, he talks about the free individual in another scene, and he says when people see one - a free individual - it scares 'em. Well, I agree with that, but I also believe that we are herd-oriented. And that the free individual is a myth and a propaganda thing that has been imposed on us. That we only BELIEVE we are free individuals. You know, if we were free individuals, like we'd go off and live on a mountain somewhere...

BIRD: Or build a corporation to exploit and oppress other people...

HOPPER: Right. Exactly. Like, I mean, we need each other. I need you, and you need me, and you can't run your newspaper alone, and I can't make movies alone. I need a cameraman, an electrician, an audience. And I can come down here and say, "Hey, man I made a movie..." Well, I DID make a movie: I said, "Put the camera here!" I said, "This is what's gonna be in this scene!" I said, "Do this, Do that," and so on and so forth; but I didn't do it alone, man. I may be able to operate a camera, but I can't operate a camera when I'm acting in front of it. So we're herd-oriented, we want to identify with the herd, and I think THAT'S the most important thing. The whole thing about being "individuals" - we can be individuals: I can go off and sit by myself on a mountain side and sit and look at a sunset and hopefully be able to dig it, but like, you know, we've got to be able to start learning that we are a PEOPLE, we are a people who need other people, we need to work together and shouldn't have to be afraid of other people. And when there is another group who doesn't understand us, our group, then they will come and ask us where we're at, confront us with it, rather than confronting us with a shotgun, or mace, or missiles, but instead ask us questions, confront us with it, be able to say, "Well, why do you feel that way, why do you think that?" confront it, these differences, and get them out, rather than build these differences up...

BIRD: It seems as if what is happening with film is like what happened to the press. We had a whole underground newspaper thing come out of the fact that the establishment press didn't speak to young people. And the same with magazines is going on now. But there's a big difference in technology: the fact that you can produce a newspaper relatively easily and distribute it easily. *EASY RIDER* may be a crucial film in the breakdown of an entire industry, but the difference in technology means that you are in many ways dependent on the distribution network that's already set up, and with extremely expensive technical equipment.

HOPPER: I'm still involved with like an "industry" kind of technical ability. I consider the scene in New Orleans in *EASY RIDER*, the acid trip, that's as much an underground thing as anybody will want to do. But like I am still going to a kind of technical thing that only very skilled technicians can give me. Like I can't do it myself with just a bunch of friends. I really need help in getting a certain kind of lighting, a certain kind of clarity, and you know and I know that that's sort of unpopular right now; but, man, I can't help it, that's the way I like it. I really dig that kind of thing. And also, the people who see this movie, whether they dig it or not, they can accept it easier



as a MOVIE - I mean the ones I'm trying to reach who are not gonna identify with it, they can accept it on a reality level which they couldn't if I were hand-holding the camera, lighting it poorly, not caring about the technical aspects of it. I really wanna communicate. And I also dig technical proficiency.

BIRD: There has been a lot written and said about the way this film was made, in relationship to the way most other films are made, specifically with regard to Columbia Pictures. Perhaps this is not nearly the end, it's not just going to end with you making a film and then Columbia distributing it. Perhaps what's going to come out of *EASY RIDER* is a whole new way of making films, distributing them, paying for them... How do you feel about this, from inside the movie industry?

HOPPER: What's happened is something I've always talked about. For fifteen years I was screaming and yelling at people, I was either gonna win at Cannes or win Venice, win some prize in the European festivals, and you know I was gonna like make *The First American* Art Film, and it was gonna make money, and it was gonna wipe the industry out economically, and like, blah, blah, blah, blah... And all these things seem to have happened! Leaving me like a revolutionary without anybody to fight. There will be, I am sure, very shortly, a lot of things coming at me from God knows which angle. For example, the headline in *VARIETY* that said, "Hollywood Stars Will Take Cuts in Salary If Kept Secret!" Because of this *EASY RIDER*, nobody's doing anything: nobody knows how to make a movie. Hollywood is standing still. They suddenly stopped and said, "Now wait a minute: we've got to reconsider everything. What's happening?" We've got 'em really fooled and really scared for one minute. The stars are sitting there and saying, "Wait a minute, where's the million dollars, where's the \$750,000 that I've been getting?" And nobody's offering it. So everybody's stopped. Everybody's scared. And they don't know which way to go. The majors are in such trouble, it's unbelievable. 20th Century Fox is closing down. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is in a lot of trouble, ready to close. United Artists is going, Columbia Pictures - I just saved their ass, man, just barely saved their ass, man.

BIRD: How would you say that *EASY RIDER* is significant in this regard?

HOPPER: *EASY RIDER* and *MIDNIGHT COWBOY* are the biggest financial successes in the country. And like the point is that they are both showing America, a different kind of America. There are two guys in each, and they can't get it together. I mean it's scrambled their

minds, they don't know what's happening. *MIDNIGHT COWBOY* cost three and a half million dollars, and we made it for \$400,000. But the point is that they're on the same bill, they're playing opposite each other, and they're grossing the same kind of grosses. And the corporations don't understand why anybody's going to see these kind of movies! They don't understand why anybody would want to go see a cowboy who's just a big dumb cowboy and a guy with a clubfoot, and these are suddenly heroes. And Peter Fonda and me, looking the way we do, suddenly people are coming to see these movies. They told us never to do this movie, because "the hippie movement" would be over - everybody's gonna have short hair, that's what they had "projected" by this time. They didn't understand what's been happening - the sex thing, any of it. It's just confused them. And *EASY RIDER* scared them economically. Because they realize we can make a movie for \$400,000 and that they can't even think about making a movie for that kind of money. A million two hundred thousand - that's their lowest, it goes from there up. And like what they've done is a very stupid thing: they've put all their eggs in one basket, handed it to a couple of guys with no fingers - who spent \$25,000,000! There's no way anyone can make \$25,000,000 back. It means they've got to legitimately make \$75,000,000. Well, there's only two pictures like in the whole history of motion pictures that have ever made \$50,000,000. They're never gonna make their money. It seems like Mike Nichols, Michelangelo Antonioni, Marlon Brando with *ONE-EYED JACKS*, the guy who did *CLEOPATRA*, it seems that these people, whether they knew it or not, were personally wiping the industry out economically. And that's a wild idea, that's a great idea, but we have no way to distribute movies at this time. Until we have a distribution network set up in this country, we've got to not wipe them out because if we wipe them out, there will be no way of distributing movies, and if we can't distribute movies, then we're losing our communications. And hopefully we're gonna start communicating valid ideas. Ideas that we wanna communicate. They

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should sell their studios, burn them down, their sound stages, and the overhead, and collect the insurance. But not the distribution thing, man. Until we have our own, we've got to use theirs. But they're really in trouble.

BIRD: Why do you think this has happened?
HOPPER: The guys who started the film business are like 70 years old; some of them are even 80. The film business is only 50 years old. They started it — Jack Warner still owns Warner Brothers — what can I tell you? Samuel Goldwyn is still alive, Jule Stein is still controlling Universal — International. They made the business, but like they've made no way for young guys to get into the business, they've kept them out, they've kept their cover. They've kept their scene. Well, now they're scared. And now they're gonna make an awful lot of mistakes because they're gonna trust a lot of young people who don't know their ass from a hole in the ground EITHER! There are going to be a lot of mistakes made, until we can get in, and like be able to bring other people in. Because I'm not interested in keeping people out of things. I think movies are the greatest art form ever invented, man, there's no question about it. It encompasses all the arts. Give me a hundred million beautiful movies, man, I dig 'em all but THEY'VE gone into this thing with the idea that if anything's good, it's a threat to them! And they kept everybody out because, you know, "We want it all for ourselves." Well, they're getting it all for themselves because they spent the money; they've gotten it together; they're never gonna go bankrupt. But the INDUSTRY is bankrupt, and the artistic back has been empty for years. That's where it's at. Universal — International — I say Universal — International but it's really DENEYLAND now — I told them the next thing you guys ought to do is build a glass sound stage. They got a hotel, people come in and see how they make movies, they put on a whole show, the whole thing. I told them to build a glass sound stage so people can come and watch the people making movies inside, but I said, "Please don't put any film in the camera because you'll be wasting your money!" They have TWENTY-FIVE sound stages just standing there! But they have no movies going on; they haven't had a movie in a year and a half. They don't know which way to go. They don't know what to do about it.

BIRD: So a big change is beginning now.

HOPPER: Exactly. In an earlier version of EASY RIDER, originally before Dylan and McGuire wrote "Ballad of Easy Rider" for the final scene, I had "It's All Right, Ma, I'm Only Bleeding" at the end. It would have begun when the bike blows a up, "A question in your nerves is lit..." — the words that have to do with how you cannot be free, how you can't really be involved with anything unless you can control the economics of your situation. "The masters make the rules for the wise men and the fools — I got nothing, ma, to live up to."

Miss Bikini Passes Her Orals

PRINCETON, N.J. [LNS] — "Princeton Tigers Welcome the Pussycats" raved the headlines when Princeton University admitted 170 women to its undergraduate school this fall, the last of the Ivy League to tumble into the twentieth century. The establishment press loved the whole thing and ran daring coverage of the women's views on premarital sex. A 17-year-old beauty contest winner of course got the most publicity, and there was a spate of East Coast Gidget features on the order of "Miss Bikini Goes to Princeton." (Watch the unfolding drama — "Miss Bikini on the Dean's List", "Miss Bikini Passes Her Orals", "Miss Bikini Gets a Job as a Secretary".)

What prompted the University to take this bold and innovative step? It must be remembered that if change ever does happen at Princeton, it comes from the monied, benevolent "above" — the Board of Trustees. In a decade of universal campus upheaval, Princeton is virtually unique in its complacent quietude. Angry shouts of the disenfranchised young never rupture the studious calm. Nary a smashed stained-glass window, never a straggling picket line to mar the sumptuous landscaping. One jaded faculty wife who is trying to get Princeton to provide day care centers for the children of workers and students explained succinctly: "You can't say anything nasty. You have to be nice, or they won't give you any money!"

The few women who have been given the "privilege" of attending Princeton are there because the Board of Trustees decided that it was in the Princeton men's interest that they come. A special report prepared for the Trustees, "The Education of Women at Princeton," laid it out — "Princeton must become increasingly attractive to the best men applicants, and we submit that admitting women will appreciably increase that attractiveness."

The University was appalled that in 1968 over half its top applicants rejected the concept of a male enclave, and turned Princeton down for a more stimulating co-educational experience. Obviously if Princeton wanted to stay Big Time a cartload of women had to be shipped in to stem the tide.

An elaborate time and motion study appeared in the report showing how much the men were inconvenienced by having to go off campus to get laid — "We do know that the present Princeton undergraduate like, his predecessors before him, seeks the company of women — at the cost of much time in travelling to where the girls are." A new wrinkle had been added to the objectification of women —

Princeton women would be a handy time-saving device.

It wasn't all clear sailing for the wise, far-seeing proponents of min-co-education at Princeton. One serious consideration was the sentiments of the alumni, who are annually bled for all they are worth by the dear old alma mater. Could they relate to a female alma mater? One i-rate graduate of the class of '27 wrote to the Princeton Alumni Weekly: "... a basic requirement for admission... should certainly be a burning desire... to be a Princeton man. (The applicant) should have decided that he wants to spend four years at Princeton, not Princeton with girls, or Princeton without clubs, or any other Princeton. If he doesn't feel that way, he should go elsewhere."

It was a battle to get women into Princeton, all right, but it was only intramural male ruling class squabbling — and the cold realities of the present outweighed the sentimentality of the past.

What motivated most of the women to come to Princeton is not entirely clear. Many whom LNS interviewed applied to Princeton as a "lark", since at the time they applied it was not certain that women would be admitted. Undoubtedly all were influenced by Princeton's prestige, it must also be assumed that the idea of a 95% male college held its attractions for many of the young women.

Whatever their reasons for coming to Princeton, the women are being given the super whipped cream treatment to keep them there.

With the exception of one renegade Brooklyn blonde in denim bells and a ragged sweatshirt who knew Princeton was "unreal", the women expressed for the most part only a growing uneasiness about their position at Princeton. Neatly dressed, well-scrubbed girls wandered in and out of the aggressively clean kitchen of Pyne Hall, the women's dormitory, and spoke of their expectations and experiences.

All the girls were aware that they were being "pampered". They have better dorms than the men, and they know that there is a rumor going around that no woman is ever going to get an "F" at Princeton. Well tended as gentlemen's prize race horses, the women are beginning to wonder what's up.

"It's very hard to feel self-sufficient here," complained one of the girls. The Pyne Hall women are very young, very sheltered — nevertheless they have a

sense that their marshmallow existence at Princeton is in no way preparing them to struggle with the realities of life as an American woman.

Girls who were looking forward to the challenge and stimulation of a politically active and aware college life are disappointed that Princeton "doesn't seem like a normal university." They also know that the town of Princeton is hardly a normal community. The typical resident is either wealthy and retired or professional and climbing. One girl remarked that "there is no involvement with the community and no outlet for your ideas I am shocked by the non-disruption of the college."

The women feel that the Princeton environment does not encourage women to seek responsibility and leadership. One girl told LNS, "It's been impressed on us that the executive position is something we wouldn't strive for." There is only one tenured faculty woman at Princeton.

Although the women at Princeton were chosen for their academic qualifications, they feel that the men are unwilling to deal with them on an intellectual level. It's not hard to see why the women would get that feeling. One Princeton man aptly described a prevalent male attitude — he saw women as the invaders of "a masculine intellectual retreat", and as "temptations" who would lure him away from important work.

The fact that the faculty frequently defers to them makes the women uneasy. "Getting extensions by shedding feminine tears makes you feel like you're not like the rest of the people," said one girl.

The women are also disturbed by their social relationships with the men. They feel they are expected to have endless free time to entertain them — "At First, guys would walk into your room any time, and you would feel you were supposed to start acting 'cutesy' like they think girls should. I don't like being cast in a role," one irritated woman remarked. Nor are the women amused by the name given to the college mixers — "cattle drives."

The women sense the all-pervasive Rhett Butler maleness of the campus and admit that they don't really belong. "We are only allowed here," a freshman woman said. Many of the women are already considering transferring.

Princeton is trying to provide a gaggle of dependent, unaware women to service its future ruling class.

The women are getting wise.



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HOUSE CALL

by STEPHEN HOWARD, M.D.

(Dr. Howard is a young medical man with some additional training in psychiatry. His purpose in this column is to use his medical knowledge to tell our readers where it's really at. The column is open to ALL questions pertaining to drugs, sex, illness, or anything else medical or psychiatric. This is the place to ask all those questions to which no one else will give you straight answers.

Names will not be printed in this column. But please sign your name and mailing address to your letters. If a letter is important and cannot be used in the column because of lack of space, a personal answer will be attempted. Address all letters to HOUSE CALL, HARRY, 233 E. 25th Street, Baltimore 21218.)

Q: I have sometimes used grass when working. I have found that it sometimes seems to help me write, but usually makes it hard to study. How come?

A: Marijuana in small to medium doses produces euphoria, some heightening of perceptions, a mild distortion (especially of one's sense of time), and a loosening of associations. Because of this, ambition is decreased, concentration may go down, and studying becomes more difficult.

By WRITE, I assume that you mean creative writing of some sort. Many writers and other creative people report that grass will often help them when they are blocked and uptight at certain points in their work; loosening of associations and freer thinking probably helps at these times to get over the jam and get moving again. But most people cannot keep it up for very long. Genuine creativity does require large doses of concentration and really hard work, and these are difficult to sustain for very long when you are high. You might try medium doses occasionally to break up mental log jams. But if you find that you cannot write at all without the stuff, if you can't get your head going on your own power, you'd better take a good look at what you're doing and think about another creative writing course.

Q: I am living with my brother, and have become pregnant by him. I'm sure it is his because I always took precautions with everyone else. I would like to have the baby. Is there any chance of the baby being deformed or diseased because it is my brother's?

A: If there is a history of certain diseases running in your family, and these are congenital (that is, passed on through the genes), then the baby will have a higher-than-average chance of being born with the same problem. One of the major examples of this is hemophilia, or bleeding's disease, which was passed through the families of ancient Egyptian royalty; members of these families were often forbidden to marry anyone but their brothers or sisters.

But most of these diseases are fortu-

nately uncommon. If there are no such diseases in your family, then your baby's chances are the same as any other child's — that is to say, very good.

Q: I write a lot of poetry, and am trying to get going on fiction. I have heard that a speed high can really make you turn out work, and I know that it has helped me study for exams. But other people say that this is dangerous and doesn't help as much as it seems. How about a medical opinion?

A: The term "speed" refers to the class of drugs known as amphetamines, the most common of which are devedrine and methedrine. In small doses used on a moderate basis, they produce a lifting of mood, temporary increase in energy, decrease in appetite, and very often some nervousness. If a person is really strapped to get some work out, study for an exam, or stay up all night, these drugs can be helpful; one 15-mg. spansule will last 10-12 hours, and the same effect can be obtained with one 5-mg. tablet every 4-6 hours. But some people overreact, becoming very nervous, agitated, and unable to work. It is therefore advisable to try the drug at least once before using it in a work emergency.

CAUTION: I don't wish to sound like an alarmist or a writer for the straight press, but amphetamines can be very dangerous drugs. In larger doses than those I have recommended, or even in those doses for more than 24 hours, most people become extremely tense, shaky, unable to eat, disoriented, and frequently a little or very much paranoid. With further use or in an especially sensitive individual, delusions and hallucinations are not uncommon, and they are almost always quite unpleasant ones. Then when they stop the drug, they CRASH. Among my friends and in my medical practice, I have rarely seen a more miserable and agonizing depression than the crash from a speed high, which often needs medical attention.

Furthermore the stuff is a real body drug, like hard narcotics, and is very habit-forming. Allen Ginsberg warns that speed is often worse than scag, and from the habitual users I have worked with, he may be right.

One more thing. Before he crashes, the speed user will feel like he can do anything, and may write pages of poetry or whatever his thing is. Great. Ask him to look at it after he gets his head back in place: 99 out of 100 will tell you they have written pure crap, and you will probably tell the hundredth the same thing. It is very rare that the feeling of creativity from a speed high is anything but an illusion.

Personally, I never touch the stuff.

Q: Is there anything harmful about menstrual blood? Is there any medical reason not to have sex during a period?

A: No.

JAILHOUSE ROCK

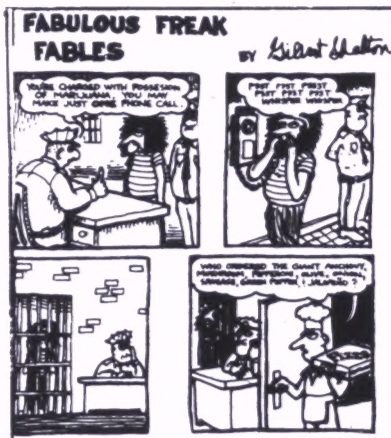
SAN QUENTIN, Calif. [LNS]—Country Joe and the Fish, joined by their wives and girl friends, played a 90-minute set for the inmates of the Federal prison at San Quentin recently.

More than 2500 of the jail's 3000 inmates turned out for the rousing performance, reminiscent of Johnny Cash's prison appearances.

The Fish sang "Fixin' to Die Rag" among other songs, and led the inmates in a rousing F-U-C-K cheer.

The concert was announced by a single poster done by one of the inmates; it had a large picture of Mr. Zig-Zag enclosed in a circle with the title above it: "The San Quentin Rock Experience."

There are several explanations for the groovy response from the audience, aside from the obvious boredom of prison life. The liberating sound of Country Joe and the Fish, who have made their music relevant to the world around them, struck a consonant note with the yearnings for freedom of the prisoners. In addition, about a quarter of the men in the jail are bikers, heads, drug users, or draft resisters.



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by LENNY BRADFORD

One relevant definition has largely been ignored in the criticism of today's popular music, and that is the concept of "entertainer." It is precisely this distinction which sets many successful pop performers apart from that larger group of musician who are less obviously theatrical in performance. Now, what I mean by theater has little or nothing to do with stage antics or demonstrations, which are more a part of acting than a part of musicianship. That which I do distinguish as theatrical involves conscious manipulation of various forms and styles of music to establish the effect of variety. The eclectic folk singer, the product of the folk revival of the late '50's and early '60's, has had a profound influence on the performing styles of today's rock musicians in that the urban youth who was interested in performing any particular kind of ethnic music became, by necessity, a consciously imitative stylist. Some very carefully and quite completely assumed not only a musical style, but a life style as well. For example, many white blues musicians imitated the manners of their favorite black artists.

Others used styles as vehicles for their own creativity, and while some critics took them to task for perverting "authenticity," I personally find the ability to play a multiplicity of styles, and to do each well, indicative of a high degree of musicianship, besides having a wider appeal to a greater audience. Being aware of one's audience is in large measure what professionalism is all about.

The Beatles have become perhaps the most "popular" of pop groups, in that they, more than any other rock group, have been able to bridge the gap between rock fans and those who, in pre-Sgt. Pepper days, virtually ignored rock music. The Beatles are self-admitted historians of rock music. The double album and the new Abbey Road contain many parodies new Abbey Road contain parodies of styles which are sometimes satire, sometimes serious, sometimes both. For example, on the double album we find the archetypical soul song, "Why Don't We Do It In The Road," followed by Ringo's

C&W gem "Don't Pass Me By." The lead song of that album, "Back in the USSR," perfectly captures the "sound" of the early Beach Boys, while still using unmistakable Beatle lyrics.

Writers often make the mistake of assuming that every Beatles song must be a message song, often despite the express indications given by either Lennon or Harrison. They are, as I have suggested, entertainers foremost, and are given to mixing songs of heavy content with light songs — stylistic exercises or etudes, if you will.

In Abbey Road, I find that the writing of each Beatle has become even more distinctive than in previous releases. Paul McCartney sings what, by now, has become his traditional early rock number, which in this case is "Oh! Darling." Ringo Starr, who is strongly influenced by American country music, contribute one of my favorites on this album, "Octopus's Garden," which has a strong Nashville-style arrangement and a fantastic, subtle guitar arrangement by Harrison, whose talent seems to grow constantly. Ringo's songs consistently impress me. Understated, and more than somewhat fantastical, they fit their country idiom well in that they often talk about larger issues without the pretentious, calling-attention-to-the-message attitude which is so common in today's music.

Come together, the lead track on side one, is another of Lennon's mystical word trips, difficult to get into, but with a fantastic arrangement. Ringo's drumming is particularly outstanding. "Maxwell's Silver Hammer" by McCartney and "Here Comes the Sun" by Harrison are immensely singable, with some unusual instrumentation, the former using Harrison's Moog Synthesizer, and the latter being a gentle song using acoustical guitars.

Nearly the entire second side is taken up by a tour-de-force consisting of six songs written by Lennon and McCartney with each song having a logical bridge to the next. The instrumental interludes are attractive, and the entire effect is nearly symphonic. The Beatles have not produced anything in this particular style since Sgt. Pepper.



SAN FRANCISCO [LNS]—Sixteen hippies who participated in the filming of "The Strawberry Statement" refused to collect their pay, shocking Metro Goldwin Mayer officials.

MGM put out a special press release on the subject, apparently missing the point altogether by saying that "the younger generation apparently has not learned the value of a dollar."

The press release noted: "When the assistant director insisted they must be paid, they showered him with flowers and walked happily away. Producers Irwin Winkler and Robert Chartoff will donate the uncollected salaries to a worthwhile cause in the Haight-Ashbury District where the scene was filmed.

The Enemy Within

Washington [LNS] — Look out, Spiro, there's an effete snob in your very midst!

Spiro T. Agnew had a very unpleasant surprise come Moratorium day. Agnew's 14 year old daughter, Kim (after Kim Il-Sung, famed leader of the Korean People's Revolution) decided she wanted to do her part in the struggle.

Attending the National Cathedral School for Girls, young Kim wanted to put on a black armband and march in the anti-war procession held in Washington on Moratorium eve. Papa said no. Kim, not to her credit it must be said, gave in. "She was very unhappy," Spiro's office announced, "but she got over it. The two are now on good terms."

Poor Spiro. Long a laughingstock to the left, he now nourishes a viper that will not endear him to the right. The incorrigible Kim was involved in an embarrassing, hastily suppressed pot scandal last year. This year she is a bonafide Agent of Hanoi.

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Center Stage - 11 E. North Avenue
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889 - 0065 ††

Lecture and Meditation - Aquarian
Age Bookstore 811 N. Chas. St 8:00pm
weekly ††

ARE Study Group - 284 - 7087, 7:pm
also tues, thurs 7:30pm & sun 1:00pm

Theosophical Society - Meeting 525 N.
Charles St. 8pm weekly ††

Crack of Dawn Coffee House - 100
W. 25th St. 243 - 1718 - HOOT

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6

Center Stage - see Nov. 5, 8:30pm
Walters Art Gallery - Chas. & Center
Sts. Promenade Concert 12:30pm.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7

Center Stage - see Nov. 5, 8:30pm
Corner Theater Cafe - 853 N. Howard
"Universal Nigger" 9:00pm, \$2.00 mem-
bers, \$3.00 guests 728 - 4707

Vagabonds - University of Baltimore
Langsdale Library Auditorium, 1420 N.
Maryland Ave. "Man For All Seasons"
8:30pm, \$1 Students, \$2.50 regular

Personal Cinema Group - Mt. Royal
Station Auditorium of Maryland Institute
films by Steiner, Fischinger, Kuchar,
Melies, Disney, Burroughs, Landau 8pm
to 10pm, subscriptions or if room tickets
at door, 669 - 9200

Son of Coffee Grounds - Trinity Ch.
Roland Ave. and Oakdale Rd. 8:30pm
Folk Music - Roger Sherman, \$.75
Bluesette - 2439 N. Charles St. 8pm
Blues - Rock, Ames Oaks, \$2, 467 - 4404

EXIBITIONS

Fells Point Gallery - 811 S. Broadway
Wed, Thur 11 to 3, Sat 12 to 4, Sun 2
to 6. Oct. Group Drawings, Nov. Group
Paintings.

Mount Royal Gallery of Maryland
Institute - Mt. Royal Station, Mon - Fri.
9 to 9, Sat 9 to 12, Sun 2 to 6. Faculty
Show Part II til Nov. 13.

Studio 116 - 116 W. 25th St. Nov.
2 to 29 by appointment. Two man show
James Jones - Paintings, Enrique Parker
Sculpture. 426 - 2180, 243 - 2686,
323 - 4728

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8

Center Stage - see Nov. 5 8:30pm
Corner Theater Cafe - see Nov. 5
8:30pm

Vagabonds - see Nov. 7, 9pm
Goucher College - Towson, Md. Black
Students Conference on the role in it.
Sponsored by Gouchers' Black Students
Assoc. registration 9am, start 10am.

Bluesette - AUX, Rock

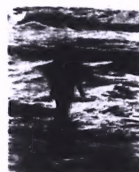
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 9

Center Stage - see Nov. 5, 8:30pm
Goucher College Center - Towson Md.
Argentine Chamber Orchestra "Camerata
Bariloche" 8:30pm 825 - 3300 ext 267
Baltimore Civic Center - 201 W. Bal-
more St. Johnny Winter, Grand Funk
RR, Pacific Gas and Electric Co., lights
by Yorktown Power and Light Co. 8pm
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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 10



TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 11

Center Stage - see Nov. 5, 8:30pm
Peabody Candlelight Concert - Pea-
body, Charles and Monument Sts. Pea-
body Orchestra, An Evening of Portuguese
Music. 8pm 837 - 0600

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12

Center Stage - see Nov. 5, 2pm & 8pm
Baltimore Symphony Orchestra-Lyric
Theater, 120 Mt. Royal Ave. Stokowski
conducting, 8:30pm 539 - 8484

Baltimore Defense Committee - Steer-
ing Committee 2912 N. Calvert St. 8pm
2nd and 4th weds. 889 - 0065

Crack Of Dawn - HOOT

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